

The Historie of

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poynt. Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three misbegottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason Iacke, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne! This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you starueling, you elskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tried thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were maisters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

Henry

word, outfac'd you from your
ir you here in the house: and *F*
way as nimble, with as quick
Still run & roare, as euer I heard
to hack thy sword as thou hast
What tricke? what deuice? wh
find out, to hide thee from this

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*,

Fals. By the Lord, I knew ye
Why heare you my maisters, w
apparrant? Should I turne vpo
knowest I am as valiant as *Her*
on will not touch the true Princ
was a Coward on instinct, I sha
and thee, during my life; I, for a
Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads,
Hostesse, clap to the doores, wa
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of
lowship come to you. What, sh
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argum

Fals. A, no more of that *Hal*,

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the *Pr*

Prin. How now my Lady the

Hof. Marry, my L. there is a N
would speake with you: he saye

Prin. Giue him as much as w
send him backe againe to my mo

Fal. What manner of man is h

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out o
giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Fals. Fayth, and Ile send him

Prin. Now firs: birlady you fi
did you *Bardol*; you are Lions too
you will not touch the true Princ

Bar. Fayth, I ran when I saw c

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